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Report of Board of Managers
Sermons and Addresses
1895-6

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FROM

The Pennsylvania society of
Sons of the revolution.

21 Sept. 1898.



EXEGI MONUMENTUM ÆRE PERENNIUS.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Pennsylvania Society

OF

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION,

WITH

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY,

1895-96.



PHILADELPHIA.

1896.

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*From
The Society*

Pennsylvania Society.

INSTITUTED 3D APRIL, 1888.

INCORPORATED 29TH SEPTEMBER, 1890.

FOUNDERS.

OLIVER CHRISTIAN BOSBYSHELL.
GEORGE HORACE BURGIN.
HERMAN BURGIN.
RICHARD McCALL CADWALADER.
JAMES EDWARD CARPENTER.
ROBERT PORTER DECHERT.
WILLIAM CHURCHILL HOUSTON, JR.
JOHN WOOLF JORDAN.
JOSIAH GRANVILLE LEACH.
ELON DUNBAR LOCKWOOD.
CHARLES MARSHALL.
SAMUEL WHITAKER PENNYPACKER.
JOHN BIDDLE PORTER.
WILLIAM BROOKE RAWLE.
WILLIAM WAYNE.

OFFICERS AND MANAGERS
OF THE
Pennsylvania Society,
1896-'97.

OFFICERS.

President.

WILLIAM WAYNE.

First Vice-President.

RICHARD McCALL CADWALADER.

Second Vice-President.

WILLIAM HENRY EGLE, M.D.

Secretary.

ETHAN ALLEN WEAVER.

Address, Lock-Box 713, Philadelphia.

Treasurer.

CHARLES HENRY JONES.

Registrar.

CAPT. HENRY HOBART BELLAS, U.S.A.

Historian.

JOSIAH GRANVILLE LEACH.

Chaplain.

THE REVEREND GEORGE WOOLSEY HODGE.

MANAGERS.

JAMES EDWARD CARPENTER, *Chairman.*

HON. SAMUEL WHITAKER PENNYPACKER, LL.D.

REV. HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN.

WILLIAM MACPHERSON HORNOR.

WILLIAM SPOHN BAKER.

GEORGE MECUM CONARROE.

THOMAS HEWSON BRADFORD, M.D.

ISAAC CRAIG.

JOHN WOOLF JORDAN.

DELEGATES AND ALTERNATE DELEGATES

TO THE

General Society,

1896-'97.

DELEGATES.

JAMES EDWARD CARPENTER.
CHARLES HENRY JONES.
JOSIAH GRANVILLE LEACH.
HON. HARMAN YERKES.
EDWARD MORRELL.

ALTERNATES.

WILLIAM POTTER.
JAMES MAY DUANE.
JOHN JAMES PINKERTON.
GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER.
SAMUEL DAVIS PAGE.

Standing Committees, 1896-'97.

On Applications.

JOSIAH GRANVILLE LEACH, *Chairman.*
HON. SAMUEL WHITAKER PENNYPACKER, LL.D.
CAPT. HENRY HOBART BELLAS, U.S.A.

On Equestrian Statue to Major-General Anthony Wayne.

EDWARD MORRELL, *Chairman.*
GEORGE MECUM CONARROE.
ALEXANDER BIDDLE.
RICHARD DeCHARMS BARCLAY.
CHARLES HENRY JONES.
JOSIAH GRANVILLE LEACH.
CALEB JONES MILNE.
HON. SAMUEL WHITAKER PENNYPACKER, LL.D.
GEORGE RANDOLPH SNOWDEN.
CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, JR., LL.D.
SAMUEL FREDERIC HOUSTON.
THEODORE MINIS ETTING.
EDWARD STALKER SAYRES, *Secretary.*

On Monuments and Memorials.

CHARLES HENRY JONES, *Chairman.*
HON. SAMUEL WHITAKER PENNYPACKER, LL.D.
WILLIAM WAYNE.
WASHINGTON BLEDDYN POWELL.
FRANK WILLING LEACH.
JOSEPH TROWBRIDGE BAILEY.
WILLIAM SPOHN BAKER.
DANIEL SMITH NEWHALL.
SAMUEL DAVIS PAGE.

On Prizes, University of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM WAYNE, *Chairman.*

WILLIAM SPOHN BAKER.

WILLIAM MACPHERSON HORNOR.

JOHN WOOLF JORDAN.

On Flags.

CAPT. HENRY HOBART BELLAS, U.S.A., *Chairman.*

GEORGE CUTHBERT GILLESPIE.

WILLIAM MACPHERSON HORNOR.

On Annual Church Service.

CHARLES HENRY JONES, *Chairman.*

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
BOARD OF MANAGERS,
1896.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE REVOLUTION:

YOUR Board of Management has the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Society and of the Board for the past year:

The Board has held eight stated and three special meetings. At the annual meeting of the Society held on April 3, 1895, the anniversary of the day on which General Anthony Wayne was made Major-General of the Armies of the United States in 1792, as well as the anniversary of the birth of this Society, the subject of erecting a monument in the city of Philadelphia to this brilliant officer of the Revolutionary War was inaugurated, and a committee was appointed to take charge of the project. This work, begun with vigor, has since progressed slowly, owing to the protracted illness of the chairman of the committee, Mr. Conarro. The results, however, thus far have been encouraging, several large subscriptions having been obtained.

The usual resolutions in regard to the proper observance of June 14 as Flag Day, were widely circulated under the auspices of this Society, and the observance of the day was more general than upon previous occasions, showing an increased interest in this matter.

On the 18th of June, the Society, with invited guests, made an excursion to the battle ground of Brandywine, on which occasion Dr. Frederick D. Stone, Librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, made an interesting and instructive address within the historic walls of the Old Birmingham Meeting House, upon the battle and incidents connected therewith. He was

followed by Dr. Persifor Frazer, who gave a vivid account of the experiences of members of the family of his ancestor, General Persifor Frazer, who lived in the immediate vicinity at the time of the battle. Upon this occasion, also, Professor Daniel W. Howard, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, on behalf of Mr. Henry L. Bennett, of Dilworthtown, presented to the Society a three-pound cannon-ball which was ploughed up about one thousand feet north of the hedge, said by Captain McClellan to have been the spot where he delivered his last fire, and where he saw General Lafayette rally his men.

At the Commencement Exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, held in June, 1895, the first award was made of the two prizes founded by this Society, for excellence in competitive essays on some subject pertaining to the Revolution. The first prize of \$75 was awarded to Mr. Joseph Hume, and the second prize of \$25, to Mr. Leo Bernheimer. The subject of the essays was "The Coming of the Revolution in Pennsylvania." Copies of the prize essays have been furnished for preservation among our archives.

On July 4, the Society met in Independence Square, where the programme of celebrating the day at this spot was, by Joint Committee of Councils, placed under the auspices of our Society. The ceremonies were opened by the Right Rev. Bishop Whitaker, and an introductory address was made by the President of the Society. The Declaration of Independence was read by Russell Duane, Esq., and the oration of the day was pronounced by the Hon. A. Loudon Snowden. Singing of patriotic songs by the United German Societies of Philadelphia, and music by the Germania Band, enlivened the occasion.

The monument erected by the Society on the plateau near the Falls of Schuylkill, adjacent to the Queen Lane Reservoir, to mark the site of the encampment of the Continental Army before and immediately after the battle of Brandywine, was dedicated on November 9, the President of the Society presiding upon the occasion. An historical address was delivered by William Spohn Baker, Esq., and appropriate exercises held by the Chaplain of the Society, the Rev. G. Woolsey Hodge.

A sad duty called the Board together on November 26, to take official action upon the death of Mr. James Mifflin, which occurred on the 24th of November. Mr. Mifflin had been a member of the Board since April 4, 1892. He was a member of several of its committees, an active participant in its labors, and had been a liberal contributor of his personal means towards the ends of the Society. Proper resolutions were adopted, and his funeral was attended by members of the Board.

The usual annual church service was held in Christ Church, on December 22, 1895, upon which occasion the Rev. Randolph Harrison McKim, D.D., of the District of Columbia Society, preached the sermon. The service was conducted by the Chaplain, assisted by other clergymen.

On January 3, 1896, a mural tablet, erected by the Society in St. Peter's Church to the memory of Captain William Shippin, a Philadelphian who was killed at the Battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777, and who is buried in St. Peter's church-yard, was dedicated. The Chaplain, Rev. G. Woolsey Hodge, preached an appropriate sermon before the members of the Society, descendants of Captain Shippin (who were present from a distance), the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, and invited guests from kindred societies.

The sermon delivered upon the latter occasion, as well as that by the Rev. Dr. McKim, the address of Mr. Baker at the Dedication of the Queen Lane Monument, the oration of Colonel Snowden delivered in Independence Square, and that of Judge Pennypacker at the annual meeting in Independence Hall, on April 3, 1895, are now in the hands of the historian of the Society for publication.

The Committee on Monuments and Memorials are still considering the proper marking of spots of historical interest connected with the battle of Brandywine, including the cavalry encounters which took place in what is now the town of West Chester, and the marking of the graves of Revolutionary soldiers in that locality, the battle of Germantown, the house occupied by General Washington as his residence during the winter of 1781 and 1782, as well as the Old City Tavern at Second and Gold

Streets, in which he was entertained on the eve of his departure to take command of the army at the beginning of the Revolution.

During the past year two informal receptions were held by the Society at the Aldine Hotel,—one on December 19, to commemorate the going into camp of the American Army at Valley Forge, and the other, on the birthday of General Washington.

On February 11, 1896, the Board directed a circular letter to be sent to the members of Congress, asking their influence and support in favor of the appropriation of a sum of money to enable the Secretary of State to prepare the records and papers of the Continental Congress for publication. These papers, full of historical interest and value, have never been published, and are liable at any time to be lost by fire or destroyed by the usual process of decay from age. Many of them have already been lost in these ways.

On February 11, 1896, the Board elected Mr. John Woolf Jordan a member of the Board of Managers for the unexpired term of Mr. James Mifflin, deceased.

The most important matter which has engaged the attention of your Board in the past year, has been that which was brought about by the granting by Councils of similar privileges to those already given to this Society in connection with the occupancy and control of the old Chambers of Councils in Independence Hall, to the Philadelphia Chapter of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In accordance with the ordinance of Councils, approved February 11, 1895, our Society came into formal possession of those chambers on April 4. The annual meeting of the Society, which took place on the previous day, was permitted to be held there by the courtesy of the Chief Commissioner of City Property. Your Board, having accepted the control and occupancy of these rooms for the Society, was surprised to ascertain subsequently that permission had been granted by Councils to the International League of Press Clubs to occupy the same rooms for several days, and at a later date a similar permission was granted to the Order of United American Mechanics; still later, an ordinance, practically similar to

that which had been granted to our Society, was passed by Councils in favor of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Your Board, on considering the subject, were unanimously of the opinion that a joint control by the two Societies was undesirable and practically impossible; negotiations were entered into by the Committee of our Society on Independence Hall with one representing the Daughters of the American Revolution, and a practical agreement arrived at by which the Daughters of the American Revolution were to relinquish control of the rooms, but were to be allowed to hold the meetings of their Society there. The details of this arrangement had been agreed upon, and were about being reduced to writing, when the annual meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution took place, and a change in the management of that Society was made. A different policy was then inaugurated by it; the agreement which had been made was ignored, and the rights of that Society under the ordinance granting it joint control with our Society, were insisted upon. Your Board having accepted the control of the rooms from the City Councils, on behalf of the Society, now exercised the same discretion, and believing that it was not in accordance with the dignity of this Society to enter into a contest with the women forming the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, communicated to Councils the willingness of our Society to retain control as provided in the original ordinance of February 11, 1895, if Councils desired our Society to do so, but that we considered a joint control undesirable and impracticable, and not desiring to embarrass Councils in the management of the City property, if they preferred that the control should remain with the Daughters of the American Revolution, this Society would withdraw and leave them in sole control and occupancy of the rooms. A desire developed in Councils that this Society should not remain in control, whereupon your Board, on March 10, 1896, adopted a resolution relinquishing all the rights and claims of our Society to the occupancy of Independence Hall, and thereupon vacated the same, and officially notified the Director of Public Safety of such action.

A committee has been appointed to obtain permanent quarters for the Society.

A copy, in autograph, of the song "America," composed by Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D.D., in 1832, and transcribed by him in 1895 for Ethan Allen Weaver, Secretary, has been presented by Mr. Weaver to this Society. It was presented upon the day and hour when the citizens of Boston, Massachusetts, were honoring Dr. Smith by a public reception.

During the year, one hundred and four members have been admitted into the Society, being a decrease of fifty-four from the number admitted the previous year. There have been elected to membership in the Society since its organization one thousand and thirty-two, of which number six have resigned (two by request); three have never qualified; seven have been transferred to other State societies; six have been dropped from the rolls for non-payment of dues, and forty-six have died, leaving a net active membership at this time of nine hundred and sixty-four.

The Society during the past year has lost by death several distinguished members. The roll is as follows:

CHARLES WILLING LITTELL, died in Baltimore, April 20, 1895, æt 63. He was descended from a distinguished line of Pennsylvania ancestors, was a member of the Philadelphia bar, but had lived most of his time retired, in the city of Philadelphia, where he was a member of several social organizations.

HENRY HOWARD HOUSTON, died June 21, 1895, æt 75. He was for many years engaged in the transportation business, and was closely identified with church and charitable work. He was a Trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, to which institution, as well as to this Society (in which he was deeply interested), he gave liberally of his means. He subscribed \$1000 to the Wayne Monument Fund.

CHARLES PENROSE BLIGHT, died at Cape May, New Jersey, July 4, 1895, while on a visit to a friend in that city. He was a lawyer, about 39 years of age, and was well and favorably known.

EDMUND SMITH, died suddenly in New York City on July 31, 1895, æt 66. He was for many years prominently identified with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, retiring therefrom as Vice-President. He always took a deep interest in the affairs of this Society, and was rarely absent from its meetings or social gatherings.

DR. JAMES ASH, died at Asbury Park, New Jersey, September 2, 1895, æt 77. He was born and educated in this city, and at the breaking out of the Civil War entered the service of the Union as a surgeon of the First Excelsior Brigade of New York. He afterwards and until his death practised medicine in Philadelphia.

SURGEON JOHN HANCOCK HALL, U.S.N., died October 21, 1895, at Winchendon, Massachusetts, æt 45. He was Passed Assistant Surgeon, United States Navy. He was a genial, polished, and most amiable gentleman, and had a host of admirers and friends.

MAJOR GRANT WEIDMAN, died at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, November 11, 1895, æt 56. He was a graduate of Princeton College, had served the Union during the Civil War, was Treasurer of the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Pennsylvania, and a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and was a popular and whole-souled gentleman.

WILLIAM JOHN POTTS, died at his residence in Camden, New Jersey, on November 18, 1895, æt 53. He had lived in retirement, devoting his time to genealogical and historical research, and was a man of superior attainments and withal modest and unassuming. He was a member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Genealogical Society.

EBENEZER HERBERT CLAPP, died at Lucerne, Switzerland, November 21, 1895, where he had been travelling for his health, æt 57. He was a native of Massachusetts and for a time was Clerk of the Senate of that State. He afterwards made Germantown his adopted home. He was a member of a number of the leading educational and social organizations in the city, and was a man much esteemed.

JAMES MIFFLIN, died November 24, 1895. He belonged to a family long distinguished in this Commonwealth and was himself a most estimable gentleman. He had since 1892 been a member of the Board of Managers, and he took an active part in all of its affairs.

AUGUSTUS HETICH LANE, died at Pittsburg, January 22, 1896, æt 60. He was for many years in the mercantile business, and in the early years of the war was an active member of the Citizens' Relief Committee of Pittsburg, and served also some time as a volunteer soldier.

HON. HENRY REED, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, died February 23, 1896, æt 50. He was descended from a long line of distinguished public men, himself prominent at the Bar and on the Bench. At the time of his death he was a Trustee of the University of Pennsylvania.

GENERAL LOUIS MERRILL, died February 27, 1896, æt 62. He was a graduate of West Point, served prominently as an officer prior to and during the Civil War, and since his retirement from active service resided in Philadelphia. He took an active interest in this Society, as well as in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and was usually present at their celebrations.

HON. CLIFFORD STANLEY SIMS, died at Trenton, New Jersey, March 3, 1896, æt 58. He was a native of Pennsylvania, served in the United States Navy, and afterwards in the Fourth Arkansas Infantry, U.S.V., during the Civil War. He had been a member of the Constitutional Convention of Arkansas, a member of the Legislature of that State, and its Judge-Advocate-General. Since 1894 he was a Judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey. He was a member of the New Jersey State Society of the Cincinnati since 1861, and from 1863 President of that body. He was also a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and one of the earliest members of this Society, having united with the New York Society at an early period of its existence. He affiliated with the Pennsylvania Society in December, 1888, and in 1890-91 was a member of the Board of Managers, and took an active interest in matters pertaining to the Society. He was the author of the present constitution of the Society of Sons of the Revolution.

EDWARD JOHNSON ETTING, died March 11, 1896, æt 55. He was engaged in the iron commission and brokerage business, and was a member of the Philadelphia Club and other social organizations, and was a gentleman much esteemed.

LOUIS CEPHAS MADEIRA, died in Philadelphia April 3, 1896, æt 77. He was for many years engaged in the West Indian trade and ocean transportation, and afterward in insurance. He was a member of the Board of Managers of the Musical Fund Society, Union League, Board of Trade, Board of Missions for Seamen, and one of the original members of the Committee of One Hundred.

Respectfully submitted,

The Board of Managers,

J. EDWARD CARPENTER,

Chairman.

ETHAN ALLEN WEAVER,

Secretary.

Philadelphia, April 3, 1896.

ADDRESS

BY

HON. SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER, LL.D.

DELIVERED IN INDEPENDENCE HALL UPON THE OCCASION OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE REVOLUTION TAKING
POSSESSION OF OLD "COUNCIL CHAMBERS."

WE have assembled to-night under circumstances of such unusual import to the organization to which we belong that they bid us pause and take heed. We are justified in feeling a sense of pride, but that pride should be accompanied by a due humility and should be sustained by effort and endeavor. We are met in the building which in this broad land is nearest to the hearts of its people. What the Pantheon was to Rome, what Westminster Abbey represents in the life and literature of England, Independence Hall is to America, and must remain forever.

Around these chambers cling the memories of the most momentous events in the origin and development of the nation. Within them have been gathered those wise and brave men who have rendered our annals illustrious, and within them have been wrought those great deeds which have determined the fate of the hundreds of millions of people who will soon fill this continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and have impressed the destinies of all the future generations of the world. Here Colonel William Bradford in 1773 first read those resolutions against the importation of tea which have since given Boston Harbor a place in his-

tory. The bonds wherewith we were bound to England and the past were broken here in 1776, and the Constitution which gave us national life was framed here in 1787. Here, in 1775, George Washington was made commander-in-chief of the armies of the colonies, and in 1861 Abraham Lincoln forecasted his future assassination.

In the language of a distinguished orator, it is not unseemly to call its walls salvation and its gates praise. With eminent fitness, and with that fine patriotic sense which, it sometimes seems to me, does not exist to the same extent elsewhere, the city of Philadelphia has intrusted the custody of this fane to you, who are the descendants of those earnest men who bore arms and braved disaster, disgrace, and death in the struggles of the Revolutionary War. You are the degenerate progeny of such sires, you are unmindful of honor and forgetful of your eventful past, if you do not feel the solemnity of the obligation you assume, if you suffer aught to come within these portals that is vulgar or profane, and if you do not highly resolve that, in so far as your care and zeal may suffice, Independence Hall, with its heroic memories and associations cherished and vivified, shall be preserved as an object of veneration and an impulse to patriotic sentiment for all the ages yet to come.

ADDRESS

BY

HON. A. LOUDON SNOWDEN,

LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ATHENS AND MADRID, ETC., IN
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, ON JULY 4, 1895, UNDER THE
AUSPICES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF
SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

MY COUNTRYMEN: We assemble under befitting auspices in this historic place to celebrate one of the most illustrious events in all history, and the most memorable in our national existence.

Along the march of time there are recorded the names of men and places and great events that stand out conspicuously, having had potential force in shaping the history of the world.

The patriotic struggle of a people for enlarged political freedom, the self-sacrificing heroism manifested in resisting the encroachments of tyranny, or in maintaining national unity against threatened dismemberment, not only excite admiration, but become patriotic incentives to future generations.

We may accept as a demonstrated truth, that no event in history and no actor on its stage continues for any length of time to command the approval of mankind unless through them civilization was advanced and the general welfare promoted.

The day has long since passed when genius in arms or statecraft, unassociated with, or unsanctified by, high patriotic and humane purposes, can receive the approval of the civilized world. We may be electrified by splendid generalship, or astonished by

a cunning statecraft that moulds the opportunity of an hour, to the selfish and unjust advantage of a nation, but our admiration and reverence are only properly bestowed where genius in arms is displayed in a just cause, and where statesmanship moulds events in the interest of justice and fair dealing. Thus we observe that when genius and courage are manifested in a worthy cause they not only excite our admiration, but become examples and incentives to future times. The names of Marathon and Miltiades, of Salamis and Themistocles, of Thermopylæ and Leonidas will forever be associated and venerated, not because at these historic places, and under these great and heroic leaders, the Persian hosts were halted, beaten, or overthrown, but because the heroism and genius displayed freed Greece from invasion, and saved that classic land from chains and slavery. These events—occurring nearly five hundred years before Christ—have been the inspiration of succeeding centuries, and are as fresh and potential to-day as they were when the wise men from the East gathered about the manger at Bethlehem.

The lives of truly great men and potent events never cease to exert their influence upon succeeding generations.

Of all the great events in history, the one we this day celebrate will ever stand forth as among the most sublime and far-reaching in its consequences, and of the great names in history none are, or will be, more cherished and venerated in the coming generations than the names of those illustrious patriots who assembled in yonder Hall, adopted and promulgated the Declaration of Independence, to the maintenance of which they "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors."

It is true that in this great political revolution they lifted no new standard of political rights, but only made one step in advance of the political truths they had learned from their fathers, Hampton and Sidney were but the forerunners of Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin. The truths they announced were self-evident and appealed to the judgment of mankind. Those who participated in this great historic event were men of character and substance, who, when they threw down the gage of battle to the most powerful nation in Europe, were profoundly convinced of the justice of

their cause and were prepared to pay the penalty of rebellion, if they failed to secure national independence.

The history of the world fails to present a similar manifestation of high patriotic purpose, in which were displayed such moderation in utterance and action—such consummate ability—and dignity of character, fortified in these men by a dauntless courage that never faltered in the long years of war and desolation that followed.

Never were the aspirations and longings of a people for freedom so calmly discussed, so deliberately and so wisely carried to fruition. Political upheavals in other countries, ostensibly in the cause of freedom, have oft-times been characterized by intemperate utterance, hot and inconsiderate action, mad fury and mob violence, followed by complete failure. To our Revolutionary fathers we owe a debt of gratitude that can never be liquidated.

On every recurring Independence Day, whilst celebrating the great event, we should recall the names and the glorious achievements of these patriotic men, to whom the lovers of freedom the world over are so much indebted. But, more important than this, is a recognition of the duty we owe to the republic. On each recurring anniversary we should dedicate ourselves anew to the sacred duties of citizenship, to consecrate our best efforts to the welfare of our country. The inheritance we enjoy surpasses in richness, power, and promise the wildest dream of the most sanguine of the fathers.

We need not draw upon our imagination or our vanity to illustrate our marvellous growth and wonderful achievements. We stand to-day, in the extent of contiguous territory, in homogeneity of population, in the intelligence and virtue of the people, in accumulated wealth in natural resources, in educational appliances, and in the comforts of life enjoyed by all conditions of our people, **THE FOREMOST NATION OF THE WORLD**. It would be disingenuous to attribute all our wonderful progress and present enviable position either to the character of our institutions or to the enterprise of our people, or to both united. We owe much to our diversity of climate and richness of soil, that enable us to grow every crop of every other country; to our marvellous

mineral deposits, that astonish the world in their variety and abundance; as well as to our separation by an ocean from the complications and entanglements of European politics, into which we should never enter.

Leaving out of consideration the natural advantages that have contributed so much to our prosperity, it must be conceded that the political and social equality enjoyed by our people has had much to do in forming our national characteristics and in stimulating energy and enterprise. Behind all these, and in my judgment the most potential force in our national life, is the character of the people who first settled the colonies, who declared for political freedom, who fought the Revolution to a successful issue, framed our government, and who have been thus far prepotent in making homogeneous the mighty streams of emigration that have for many years poured into our country. These first settlers, like many of their successors, came of the best brain and brawn, were the most venturesome, hardy, and brave, with the purest blood of the old world. Restless in the old, they sought new homes beyond the sea. They were undaunted by the hardships and dangers attendant upon an ocean voyage at that time, or by those they must encounter in the unknown lands inhabited by savages, to which they journeyed. They were fresh in brain, strong in body, and unflinching in heart and spirit,—fit pioneers in a new land, worthy progenitors of a mighty people. It was the transmission of these qualities with the mingling of the blood of several of the best nations that produced a distinct type of manhood,—that enabled our fathers to secure independence, conquer the savage, establish a government upon the broadest principles of justice, order, and security; to subdue a continent to the arts of peace, to overcome a gigantic rebellion against the national authority, and to reunite the States and people in harmony under the old flag, and to maintain peace at home and an honorable place among the nations.

As long as this intelligent, patriotic, and conservative force remains dominant in our politics, as long as it can mould other elements into homogeneity, so long is our safety assured. One great danger that threatens our institutions arises from unrestricted

and ignorant immigration, possessing, as it does, an unrestricted use of the elective franchise. Our doors have always been open to the oppressed of other lands, and I hope the day is far distant when the honest and industrious immigrant will be denied admission. This class should always be welcomed to our shores. It is the ignorant, the idle, and the vicious, who respect neither the laws of God nor man, who should be excluded.

Our government is "of the people and for the people," and must depend for its perpetuity upon the patriotism, intelligence, and virtue of the people. Upon these—not upon our army and navy—rests the hope of the republic. To inculcate and maintain these essential elements in our civilization, the teachings of our homes must be supplemented by the teachings of our schools.

Can we not congratulate ourselves and look to the future with confidence when we contemplate the steady, increasing interest taken by our people and legislators in the direction of advancing our educational system, in widening its scope and increasing its practical efficiency? Purely intellectual education is found defective in meeting the requirements of our times. This system, which has generally obtained in the past, is found to crowd certain avocations to suffocation, whilst others, as honorable and useful, are neglected or left to the half-educated and incompetent. Education, as applicable to the great body of the people, is only half complete that neglects physical culture, handicraft, and the use of tools. The example set by Germany and some other countries of requiring the royal princes to learn a useful trade as part of their life equipment, is an object lesson worthy of the highest commendation. We are eminently a practical people, and in the long run our agencies will conform to our requirements. And so we observe that our system of popular education is gradually taking the direction I have indicated, and I predict that in a few years the impulse it will receive from the manifest practical benefits resulting from its application, will ensure its universal incorporation as an essential part of our educational system.

In no other country in the world is there so much money appropriated by government and donated by private citizens to the cause of education as in the United States. And, as a result,

there were gathered during the past year into our schools, colleges, and universities 15,530,268 of the youth of our land. This is equal to nearly one-fourth of our entire population. In view of this significant fact, may we not relegate the pessimist and croaker to the rear, and confidently look forward to the continued and increasing prosperity and happiness of our people, and the ever-growing strength and power of the nation.

This is an auspicious day, and these surroundings are awe-inspiring. As the followers of Mohammed make long, weary pilgrimages to behold Mecca—as the eye of the Christian turns longingly and lovingly to the sepulchre at Jerusalem—so the lovers of freedom the world over turn their eyes to this historic place to gather inspiration, wisdom, and courage. The ground upon which we stand is consecrated forever to freedom. Here liberty was proclaimed, and linked with law and order. In yonder Hall, Washington dedicated himself with unselfish patriotism to the service of his country. There the Continental Congress assembled and the Constitutional Convention convened that evolved the wisest system of government ever devised by the genius and patriotism of man.

What must be the emotions of a lover of freedom, coming from other and less-favored lands, as his eyes for the first time rest upon yonder sacred edifice, in which were cradled the hopes and liberties of mankind? I can only imagine how overwhelming they must be by remembering those I experienced as I stood at the pass of Thermopylae and on the plain of Marathon "that looks to the sea," and in imagination rolled back the centuries until I seemed to behold the mighty contention, and hear the clash of resounding arms that saved Greece, her art and culture, and immortalized her heroes.

I profoundly sympathized with the great orator, statesman, patriot, and former president of Spain, Emilio Castelar, the walls of whose beautiful home in Madrid are adorned with portraits of Washington and others of our Revolutionary patriots, when he said to me, "The one great regret of my life is that I cannot visit Independence Hall to look at the old bell that rang out liberty throughout the world; to stand in that memorable place where

were assembled the ablest and purest men that ever laid the foundation of a nation ; to stand near where the patriot Washington stood as the commander of the armies of the Revolution, and where he presided over the convention that framed your Constitution. Like a Mohammedan who enters the mosque for prayer, I should, if I visited Independence Hall, leave my shoes at the door, as the place is sacred." Our nation, though comparatively young, has done much to advance civilization. We have no very old battle-fields or ancient ruins covered with ivy and rich with old memories ; but we have, however, Independence Hall, Carpenter's and Faneuil Hall. We have Lexington, Bunker Hill, and Yorktown, we have Gettysburg and Appomattox, each bearing a message to future times of courage, patriotism, hope, and the triumph of justice and right. Our history is crowned with illustrious names, and among them all he is esteemed greatest whose purpose was the purest, and whose labors in the cabinet or in the field conferred the largest blessings upon our country and upon humanity.



MEMORIAL STONE, CAMP BY SCHUYLKILL FALLS.

ADDRESS
OF
WILLIAM SPOHN BAKER, ESQ.

DELIVERED NOVEMBER 9, 1895, ON THE OCCASION OF DEDICATING THE
MEMORIAL STONE ERECTED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF
SONS OF THE REVOLUTION, AT QUEEN AND THIRTY-
FIRST STREETS, PHILADELPHIA, MARKING THE
SITE OF THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE CONTI-
NENTAL ARMY, IN AUGUST AND
SEPTEMBER, 1777.

THE Society of Sons of the Revolution was instituted for the purpose of keeping before the public mind the memory of the men who, in the military, naval, and civil service of the Colonies and of the Continental Congress, by their acts or counsel achieved the independence of the country.

It is in pursuance of this, the main object of our organization, that we, the members of the Pennsylvania Society, have come together, to record one fact in the history of the Revolution, and by the dedication of this stone to keep before the public mind the memory of the soldiers of the Continental army who encamped on these grounds in 1777, and who, by their acts and devotion, finally achieved the independence of the country.

The encampment on this spot before and after the battle of Brandywine is to us all an event of considerable interest. Here, in August, 1777, Washington waited and watched for the expected arrival of the British fleet and transports in the Delaware, and here, on September 12, the day after the ill-starred battle of Brandywine, the American army returned for a brief period to rest, before again attempting to defend Philadelphia from the enemy.

It is to mark the site of this encampment, now located by our Society, for the first time with certainty, that we have assembled to-day.*

At a dinner given to the officers of the three armies after the surrender of Yorktown, Lord Cornwallis, in the course of his response to the toast, "The British Army," turning to Washington, said, "And when the illustrious part that your excellency has borne in this long and arduous contest becomes matter of history, fame will gather your brightest laurels rather from the banks of the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake."

The surprise and capture of the Hessians at Trenton, the brilliant flank movement of January 3, 1777, and the victory at Princeton may have been all that was meant by the remarks of the defeated general. But when we carry it farther, when we find that after these two masterly strokes, how the same caution and courage, discretion and decision, baffled all the designs of Sir William Howe; that the intention of the British to march across Jersey, penetrate into Pennsylvania, capture Philadelphia, and then reinforce Burgoyne, were entirely frustrated; that the change of plan and the delay thus caused, had much to do with the defeat and surrender of the Northern army, we may well say with Cornwallis that the laurels of Washington as a soldier were gathered rather from the banks of the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake.

But it is not my purpose to enter into the detail of the early movements of the campaign of 1777, in which Washington displayed, as much as at any time during the war, the genius of a

* The Memorial Stone of rough hewn Pennsylvania granite, seven feet nine inches in height, by four feet nine inches in width, stands at Queen and Thirty-first Streets, the northeast corner of what is known as the Queen Lane Reservoir, in the Twenty-eighth Ward of the City of Philadelphia. The stone, which weighs about five tons, is encircled by five old cannon; it bears the following inscription: "THE MAIN CONTINENTAL ARMY COMMANDED BY GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON ENCAMPED ON THIS AND ADJACENT GROUND FROM AUG. 1 TO AUG. 8 AND FROM SEP. 12 TO SEP. 14 1777 BEFORE AND IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE. ERECTED IN 1895 BY THE PENNA. SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE REVOLUTION TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF THE ENCAMPMENT."

commander. It is an interesting subject; my brief reference is only intended to call attention to the fact, that Howe, having been prevented from carrying out his original intention of marching to Philadelphia, was finally obliged to transport his troops by water, a plan requiring considerable time in the execution.

After making a final attempt to draw Washington from his strong post at Middlebrook, in order to bring on a general engagement, Howe withdrew his troops to Amboy on the 27th of June, and three days later passed over to Staten Island, totally evacuating the State of New Jersey.

Preparations were at once begun to embark his army, and Washington, who had moved to Morristown in order to succor the Eastern States and, if necessary, to oppose any design upon Philadelphia, waited patiently, although perplexed as to the intentions of the enemy.

On the 11th of July, news having been received of the evacuation of Ticonderoga by General St. Clair, and in the natural presumption that Howe would now push against the Highland passes to co-operate with Burgoyne, the American army began its movement towards the North River, and on the 20th arrived in the Clove, a valley back of the Highlands in New York.

On the 24th it was positively ascertained that the fleet had sailed southward from Sandy Hook, in consequence of which the troops were ordered to take up the march towards Philadelphia, and on the 28th they arrived at Coryell's Ferry on the Delaware (now Lambertville), sixteen miles above Trenton. Here a halt was made, the destination of the fleet still being uncertain. Washington himself writing from this point on the 30th to General Gates, then in Philadelphia, as follows: "General Howe's in a manner abandoning General Burgoyne is so unaccountable a matter, that, till I am fully assured it is so, I cannot help casting my eyes continually behind me."

On the following day, however, July 31, all doubt was set at rest, by advices from Congress that the enemy's fleet consisting of two hundred and twenty-eight sail had been sighted at the Capes of the Delaware in the forenoon of the 30th. The army, which had already crossed the Delaware, was at once put in

motion down the Old York Road, camping for the night at the Cross Roads (now Hartsville), Bucks County, and reaching these grounds on the afternoon of August 1.

Washington went to Philadelphia in advance of the troops, and after examining the defences of the Delaware below the city, and conferring with a committee of Congress, rejoined the army on the afternoon of the 4th, making his head-quarters at the farm-house of Henry Hill, on Queen Lane (now Queen Street), a short distance east of this spot.

The selection of this ground for a camp of observation was not accidental. It was the choice of the commander-in-chief himself, as we know from an entry in his diary when in attendance on the Congress of 1774, the first Continental Congress, that he dined on one occasion with Mr. Hill at the old farm-house. The entry is as follows: "*September 18, 1774.—Dined at Mr. Hill's, about six miles from town.*"

It may be readily understood that he was attracted by the commanding view of this plateau, and its capabilities in a military point of view marked and remembered; and we know that in December, 1776, when he lay with his little army on the west bank of the Delaware—the darkest days of the Revolution—he directed Colonel Cadwalader, in case he could not keep his post near Bristol, to repair to this place, calling it, in his orders to that officer, "the strong ground near Germantown."

From the fact that Washington's letters of this time are either dated "Germantown," or "Camp near Germantown" (the latter rather an indefinite term), the exact locality of the camp has not been given either by local or general historians. Timothy Pickering, Adjutant-General of the army, refers to it in his journal, as the "Camp by Schuylkill Falls," and General Knox in a letter calls it the "Camp near Schuylkill." But a letter written by Washington to Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, dated Fish-kill, 5th of October, 1778, more than a year afterwards, in which he says, "In the month of August last year, from the house of Mr. Hill, near Germantown, where I was then encamped, I wrote you a long letter," has enabled us to fully determine the location.

Henry Hill, a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, was the

owner, in 1777, of a large farm, forming part of this plateau lying on both sides of Indian Queen Lane, and bounded on the north by School Lane. The house belonging to this property, and used by Washington as head-quarters, was of the ordinary character of farm buildings; it was, however, taken down by Mr. Hill in 1780, and a more imposing structure erected on the site. This is the house which stands on the rising ground to the eastward, now owned and occupied by the heirs of Cornelius S. Smith, who, in 1840, after the decease of Henry Hill, purchased eighty-five acres of the land, including the mansion. It was, therefore, on this and the adjacent land that the army encamped on the first day of August, 1777, and to which they returned on the 12th of September, immediately after the battle of Brandywine.

The army under the immediate command of Washington at this time, known as the main Continental army, was composed of troops from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, and numbered about eleven thousand men. It remained at this camp until the afternoon of August 8, and then started to retrace its steps to the North River, the British fleet having sailed away from the Capes of the Delaware, as some thought to Charleston, while Washington was of the opinion that it had gone to the eastward. The march to the southward was considered to be useless, leaving as the only alternative either to guard the Hudson, attack New York, or move against Burgoyne. Washington remained at the old farm-house until the 10th, on which day he wrote a long letter to Congress, giving in detail his plan for the defence of the Delaware. This was read in Congress the following day, and referred to the Board of War, who were directed to carry it into execution with all possible despatch.

An interesting incident may be mentioned in connection with this encampment. A review of the army was held on the morning of its departure, at which the Marquis de Lafayette, who had just been appointed a major-general, was present. It was his first sight of the soldiers composing the army of the Revolution, and his well-known description of them as they appeared on that day is worthy of repetition: "About eleven thousand men, ill armed and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle: their clothes were

parti-coloured, and many of them were almost naked; the best clad wore *hunting shirts*, large gray linen coats which were much used in Carolina. As to their military tactics, it will be sufficient to say that for a regiment ranged in order of battle to move forward on the right of the line, it was necessary for the left to make a continued counter-march. They were always arranged in two lines, the smallest men in the first line; no other distinction as to height was ever observed. In spite of these disadvantages, the soldiers were fine, and the officers zealous; virtue stood in place of science, and each day added both to experience and discipline."

"Ill armed, still worse clothed," without discipline; it is, unfortunately, too truthful a picture. But they were the soldiers of the Continental army of 1777; the army that fought at Brandywine and Germantown; the soldiers whose sufferings have made the bleak hills of Valley Forge sacred soil for Americans.

The army in retracing its steps encamped on the night of the 8th at Whitmarsh, and on the following night in Upper Dublin Township. Resuming the march on the 10th, they reached the Cross Roads (the camp of July 31), where information was received that the fleet had been seen on the 7th off Sinepuxent Inlet, about sixteen leagues southward of the Capes of the Delaware. The troops were therefore halted and went into camp on the Neshaminy Creek.

Howe, being advised of the obstructions in the Delaware and the preparations made for the defence of it, had concluded to abandon that mode of getting to Philadelphia, and accordingly turned his course to the Chesapeake for the purpose of landing his troops (eighteen thousand men) at Elkton. This, however, was not accomplished until the 25th of August, thus wasting much valuable time in his dilatory movements.

Positive news of this movement up the Chesapeake was not received at the "Neshaminy Camp" until the 22d, despatches from Congress, to the effect that the fleet had arrived in the Bay, reaching Washington on that day. And on the same day news of the brilliant victory at Bennington on the 16th, the first stroke at Burgoyne, and the precursor of Saratoga, was announced to the army. All uncertainty as to the destination of the enemy being

thus set at rest, the army was put in march down the Old York Road early in the morning of the 23d, encamping for the night near the present Nicetown, about five miles from the city, and marching with considerable display through Philadelphia on Sunday the 24th. Wilmington was reached on the 26th.

The battle of Brandywine was fought on Thursday, the 11th of September, after which the American army fell back to Chester, and on the 12th returned to these grounds, crossing the Schuylkill on the floating bridge at the middle ferry, now Market Street. On the 13th, the following general order was issued from head-quarters :

“ The General, with peculiar satisfaction, thanks those gallant officers and soldiers who on the 11th inst. bravely fought in their country’s cause. If there are any whose conduct reflects dishonor on soldiership and their names not pointed out to him, he must for the present leave them to reflect how much they have injured their country, how unfaithfully they have proved to their fellow-soldiers ; but with this exhortation : that they embrace the first opportunity which may offer to do justice to both and to the profession of a soldier.

“ Although the events of that day, from some unfortunate circumstances, were not so favorable as could be wished, the General has the satisfaction of assuring the troops that from every account he has been able to obtain, the enemy’s loss vastly exceeded ours, and he has full confidence that in another appeal to Heaven, with the blessing of Providence, which it becomes every officer and soldier to supplicate, we shall prove successful.

“ The Honorable Congress, in consideration of the gallant behavior of the troops on Thursday last, their fatigue since, and from a full conviction that on every future occasion they will manifest a bravery worthy of the cause they have undertaken to defend, having been pleased to order thirty hogsheads of rum to be distributed among them in such manner as the Commander-in-Chief shall direct, he orders the Commissary-General of Issues to deliver one gill per`day to every officer and soldier while it lasts.

“ The order of the Encampment at this place need not be

attended to, as our stay will be short, each Division is to encamp in as compact order as possible to-night."

On Sunday morning, September 14, the army again left these grounds, crossing the Schuylkill at Matson's Ford, now Conshohocken; Washington, "steel-proof against despair," had determined to make another effort in defence of Philadelphia.

Moving up the old Lancaster Road on the 16th, the enemy were met on the advance, and both armies made preparations for an engagement, near the White Horse Tavern, twenty-two miles northwest of the city. After some skirmishing, rain began to fall, which finally turned into such a violent storm that the arms became totally unfit for use, and orders were given to march to the Yellow Springs, five miles to the northward.

On the 19th Washington recrossed the Schuylkill at Parker's Ford (now Lawrenceville), and on the 21st, the enemy having moved rapidly up the road on the west side of the river towards Reading, a depot of supplies, the troops were marched to near Pottsgrove, now Pottstown. Taking advantage of this, the enemy retraced their steps, passed the river below Valley Forge in the night of the 22d, and on the morning of September 26 took possession of Philadelphia.

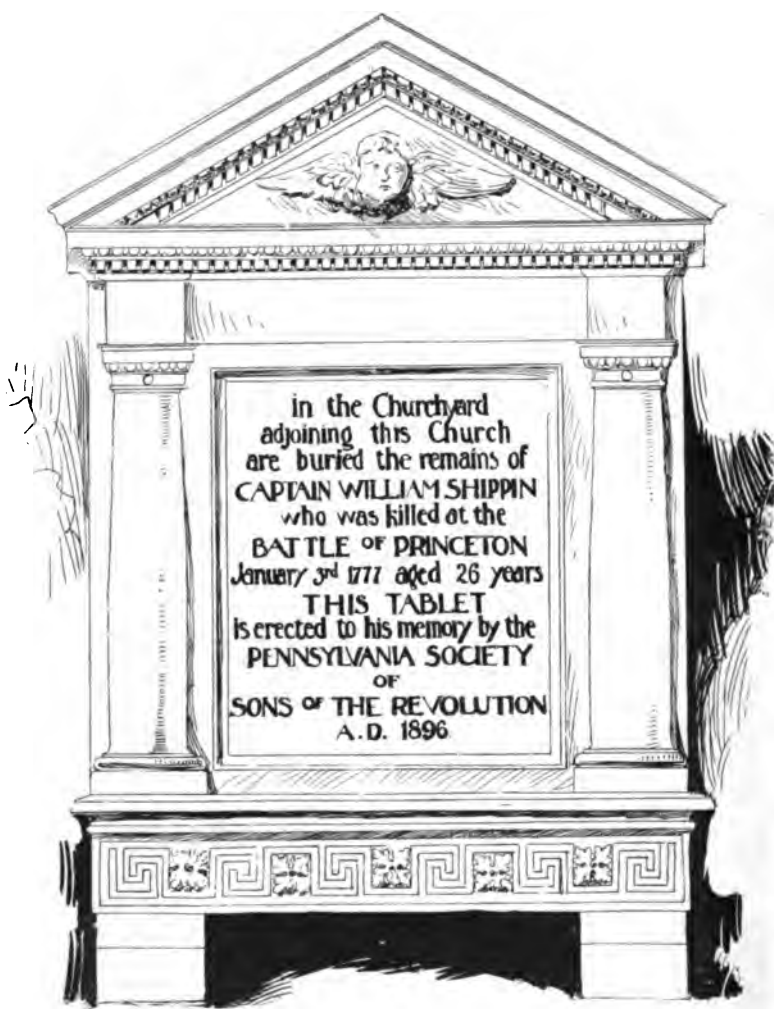
From that day until the 19th of October the left wing of the British army, commanded by General Knyphausen, occupied these grounds, that officer in turn using the farm-house of Henry Hill as head-quarters.

No incidents of historical importance are of record in connection with this encampment; and legend and tradition have alike failed to throw around these grounds their mythical attractions. The warm days of early August were passed by the soldiers in quiet and rest, broken only by the daily guard-mounts and drills, and the *beautiful camp*, so called by one of the officers, must have been left with regret. And now, more than a century later, we, their descendants, have come together to dedicate this votive stone to the memory of these soldiers, and to record by the imperishable granite our recognition of their services in achieving the independence of the country.

One hundred and eighteen years ago these heights were trod

by men whose patriotic impulses and unselfish actions have bequeathed to us a sacred inheritance; and as we stand here to-day, looking down upon the great city, with its countless industries and enterprises, its noble institutions of learning, science, art, medicine, philanthropy, everything conducive to the welfare of man, and feel that this great development was made possible by *their* patriotism and devotion, we cannot be too grateful to their memories, nor should we fail at all times and places to inculcate the lesson, and show by *our* actions that we value this inheritance.

It is meet that this extensive and beautiful reservoir should be placed on these grounds; that, from the site of the encampment of 1777, the health-giving water shall be distributed to that city which those soldiers strove so manfully to defend. And as the years roll on, and generation after generation shall reap the benefit of this foresight of the authorities, may not the minds of men be turned afresh to the story of the past, and the deeds of the soldiers of the Revolution be kept alive by this appropriation to public uses of a memorable spot!



MEMORIAL TABLET, ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

“WASHINGTON, THE MAN, THE PATRIOT, THE CHRISTIAN.”*

A SERMON

BY

REV. RANDOLPH HARRISON MCKIM, D.D.,

CHAPLAIN OF THE SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE DISTRICT
OF COLUMBIA.

*“And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot
of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!”—2 KINGS ii. 11, 12.*

WE are told in the immediate context that as Elisha and Elijah went on together and talked, “Behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!”

These words, which are at once a lamentation and a eulogy, might fitly have been on the lips of every citizen of the United States on the day when George Washington passed away from earth; for, by the unanimous suffrage of mankind, he has been hailed as the Father of his Country, and by every fresh historical investigation it has been made only more abundantly manifest

* Preached in Christ Church Philadelphia, December 22, 1895, at the annual church service of the Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution.

that he was to the young Republic of the West more than its chariot and its horsemen,—he was its sword and its shield, its wisdom and its strength.

Indeed, there was paid to his memory just such a tribute as this which Elisha rendered to the patriot prophet of Carmel, in every part of the land which he had first made free by his valor, and then made strong by his wisdom. Nor was the threnody confined to this Western hemisphere. It was speedily taken up by every country in Europe. No people could withhold their tribute of grief and respect at the passing of such an heroic soul. The latest historian of Washington draws attention to the fact that alike the conquering fleets of Great Britain in the English Channel, and the victorious armies of Napoleon in the streets of Paris, bore badges of mourning for the man "who had wrested an empire from the one, and at the time of his death was arming his countrymen against the other." Yes, Washington was mourned throughout the civilized world. The reverberation of his fame passed from shore to shore till it girdled the earth, not like the sound of the war-drums of England that follow the sun in his course round the globe, but like the echo of the hymn that once was heard over the hills of Judæa, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

It is natural and it is well that the fame of such a man should be celebrated by all men who love liberty or admire greatness and purity of character. But we, the Sons of the Revolution, lineal descendants of the patriots who, on the field of battle or in the Council Chamber, consecrated their lives and fortunes to the sacred cause of American Independence, feel it a filial privilege as well as a patriotic duty to honor the name of the hero whose patient labor and indomitable will and prescient wisdom, no less than his masterful strategy and his magnificent leadership, made the Revolution a success. Washington belongs to all citizens of America. Nay, in an important sense, he belongs to the whole world. As Talleyrand wrote in the order that announced his death to the French people, "he lived for all nations and for all centuries." But for all that, we, whose forefathers fought by his side or shared with him the losses and perils of the War of

the Revolution, cannot but feel something akin to filial pride as we recall his great achievements.

It is fitting, also, that we should assemble for this purpose in the Sanctuary of God; in recognition of the fact, which is almost as universally confessed as is the greatness of the man himself, that Washington was God's gift to the American people, the chosen instrument of His Divine Providence whereby the impossible was to be achieved, and thirteen feeble colonies, after a long and doubtful struggle, were to triumph over the might of the greatest empire on the globe. If ever the Arm of God was made bare in history since the great era of the World's Redemption, it was in the course and in the issue of that long, weary War of the Revolution, and in nothing was His gracious interposition more signally manifest than in raising up for the American colonies, as he had done for Israel in Egypt, a leader and a lawgiver, so marvellously endowed for just the work that was to be done, that in all the records of history, and in all the annals of heroic patriotism, we shall look in vain for a man who could have filled his place. Yes, let America ever own her inestimable debt of gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of events for the gift of George Washington.

And now to turn to the task which has been assigned me to-day by the officers of your Society, let me say that I interpret it in the light of the aims and principles of your organization, subject to my obligations as a Minister of Christ. I shall not attempt to add one more to the countless eulogies upon the character of and achievements of Washington. That were a task which even an orator—and orators are very rare phenomena—might well hesitate to undertake, for the richest resources of imagination and of eloquence have been exhausted in paying the tribute which Truth demands to the military and civic achievements of this first and greatest of Americans. Mine is a far humbler, but perhaps a not less important task. It is to emphasize some of the obvious, but not sufficiently remembered, lessons that shone, as luminous as the stars in the firmament, in the life and character of Washington. Familiar they may be—yes, *must* be—to every one who has pondered at all the meaning of this great man's career,—familiar, I

say, but not, therefore, without inspiration and quickening for us and for our children. The glory of the starlit sky is familiar; so is the beauty of the green earth; so is the splendor of the great and wide sea; so is the majesty of the snow-clad Alps; so are the sublime teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. Ah, we do not need new eulogies or new orations upon the achievements of Washington, even could the orator be discovered equal to the task, but we do need fresh and frequent study of the man and his work. It is this which we would fain stimulate by the services of this hour. We would summon before our mind's eye that august figure in order that by its contemplation the great ends of this Society of Sons of the Revolution might be subserved. We believe we have a high and momentous mission to perform for America and the American people. It is to kindle the flame of a purer patriotism and to rebuke the selfish apathy to the public weal, that is, to our shame be it confessed, widely prevalent. It is to perpetuate the spirit and the principles of the men who founded the Republic; and to counteract the foreign and alien influences that threaten to destroy the distinctively American character of our government and of our civilization. It is to obliterate sectionalism and to bind together in an indissoluble bond of national patriotism the Sons of the Revolution, whether they wore the blue or the gray in the great Civil War.

These are the high and patriotic aims of our organization. I can conceive of no more puissant force for their realization than the study of the life and character of the great man whose fame we celebrate to-day.

1. It is the man George Washington that should first be studied, because it is the man rather than the soldier, or the statesman, or the ruler, that will touch the deepest springs of action, and kindle in our young men a purer and nobler ideal of life. And here, my brothers, is a definite and important work that ought to be done, and that we can do. It is a work of restoration—something like that which Dean Stanley did for the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, when he caused the whitewash to be scraped off the walls and uncovered the antique frescoes which it had concealed for centuries, and pulled down the wooden par-

titions and the low ceiling by which the noble proportions of the building had been marred for so many generations. Be it part of our consecrated task, taught by the patient labors of our historical scholars, to demolish the artificial and priggish additions and improvements which a certain class of biographers and orators have built up, not without the use, also, of the whitewash brush, within the grand temple of Washington's character. An indiscriminating hero-worship, in its blindness defeating its own ends, has painted him as a man without blemish or flaw; lifted not only above the vices of other men, but above the pleasures of life as well; not merely a virtuous man, but a man too pure and too strong even to be tempted.

But the real Washington was no such unhuman and impossible being, entirely devoid of human frailties, always, and through his whole life, superior to temptation, never swerved for a moment by the strong currents that sweep other men off their feet.

Nay, he was a man in whose veins ran the warm blood and the fiery temper of the Norsemen from whom he sprang. He was a fierce fighter. No war-horse ever loved the scent of battle more than he. He was a man of strong passions,—terrible in his wrath, though always just! roused on occasion into a storm of indignation before which the boldest quailed, as did Charles Lee, the English soldier of fortune, at Monmouth, when Washington met him in full retreat before the British. All this he was, but yet a man who, by the force of his imperious will, and still more by the power of the religion which he practised and which became part of the very fibre of his being, kept his passions under habitual control—held them in and mastered them, as he had the wild thoroughbred colts on his Virginia farm; so that they became subservient to his moral aims, and made him a more masterful man and a mightier instrument in the great cause of Liberty.

Equally false and misleading is the representation which sets Washington upon a lonely pinnacle of greatness, apart from his fellow-men,—very grand, very impressive, but also very cold,—a marble statue rather than a man with a warm heart and a throbbing brain. An English poet sings of the "awful memory"

which Washington hath left, "a light for all after times." Carlyle describes him as a "bloodless Cromwell." And a recent American historian does not scruple to speak of his "cold heart."

False and cruel libel upon the memory of a man in whose breast beat a heart that glowed with sympathy for the poor and the suffering, that responded warmly to the voice of friendship, and beat in unison with the interests and the happiness of all his fellow-citizens, from the day he unsheathed his sword beneath the Cambridge elm to the very moment when he breathed his last at Mount Vernon! Hear how this "cold-hearted" man (who always meant every word he said) expressed himself when a young man of twenty-five out on the frontier facing the horrors of the French and Indian War: "The supplicating tears of the women and moving petitions of the men melt me into such deadly sorrow that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

Verily, this "bloodless Cromwell" writes very much like a man in whose breast beat a heart full not only of dauntless courage, but also of warmest human sympathy! And such undoubtedly he was. We find him deeply moved always by the sufferings and hardships of his men. We see him so overpowered by emotion when he took leave of his officers at the close of the war that he could not trust himself to speak, but embraced them each one silently with tears. We find his intercourse with Lafayette marked by many evidences of warm mutual affection; and his sympathy and generosity to the wife of the unfortunate Marquis and her son were exhibited with a delicacy and tact that only a warm heart could have inspired. His relations with the Marquis de Chastellux tell the same story. When that French officer took leave of Washington at Newburgh, he wrote, "It is not difficult to imagine the pain that separation gave me; but I have too much pleasure in recollecting the real tenderness with which it affected him." It is not thus that men write of cold and bloodless heroes! No; Washington had a warm, manly heart, full of the milk of human kindness, full of sympathy, too, with his fellow-men. No man could carry the burdens he carried for his

native colony, for all the colonies, for his soldiers, for the United States from the dawn of manhood to the close of life, without becoming sober and serious in mien. He lived and moved and had his being with anxious cares and momentous problems that touched the liberty, the happiness, and the prosperity of his country; and these no doubt stamped their impress upon his majestic features. But when we study his domestic life, we find that he loved the company of his fellow-men, that he delighted in the informal hospitality of his Virginia home (for twenty years he never dined alone); that he entered with zest into all the pleasures and amusements of a country gentleman, and that he retained to old age his boyish love of fun, and would greet a good story with peals of inextinguishable laughter.

My comrades, if we would evoke from the name and memory of Washington the inspiration which it ought to breathe into the minds and hearts of our young men, we must lead them away from the cold marble hero that some of his historians have presented, and let them see the real Washington, the man of flesh and blood, the man of broad human sympathies and warm tender heart, who was in touch with his kind, and whose nature was as loving as it was daring.

2. First the man, then the patriot. His name is the synonyme of patriotism. His life is its best illustration. Encomium upon the patriotic services he rendered would be as impertinent as superfluous. But it is neither superfluous nor impertinent, but most timely and most material, to recall the lofty and unselfish patriotism that governed every act and every step of Washington's career, if we may thereby kindle the same pure flame in our own hearts and in the hearts of our fellow-citizens. In a time when we see large numbers of our young men of birth and position holding entirely aloof from public affairs, taking no interest and bearing no part in the solution of the great social and political problems upon which the future of America depends, having no care save for their yachts, or their horses, or their clubs, it may be salutary, it may put them to shame, to point to that young Virginian who, with everything that wealth and station could bestow, and with his keen enjoyment of every manly sport and

every amusement of the gentleman of his time, nevertheless devoted himself and his fortunes, without salary and without reward, to the service of his country.

In a time when many of the rich men of our land are selfishly given up to the task of growing richer, or of guarding the wealth they have accumulated, taking no part in the great tasks of social improvement, feeling no responsibility for bettering the hard lot of the poor, or for elevating the lives of the laboring classes, or for purging the slums of our great cities, or for staying the progress of vice and immorality, whose only interest in public affairs arises from the desire to shape legislation for their pecuniary advantage, and whose politics is only the formula of their personal interests,—it may be well, in such a time, to concentrate attention on the course and example of George Washington, who, being probably the richest man in America, devoted his whole energies to the service of his country, at the peril of all he possessed, and who, when his sword had won peace and independence, and he had retired to the shades of Mount Vernon, twice responded to the call of his countrymen, and forsook the sweets of private life and the care of his estate, to devote himself to the public weal under circumstances of great difficulty and perplexity, when he had nothing of honor or fame to gain by continuing in the service of his country.

In a time when in some quarters we see politics, which should be the science of government and should be built upon great principles and embody broad national policies, converted into a trade by which a class of demagogues and their henchmen are to live at the public expense, and whose unblushing avowal it is that "to the victors belong the spoils,"—we may do well to pause and contemplate the sublime spectacle presented by that unselfish patriot who first gave freedom to the Colonies by his sword, and then by his far-seeing statesmanship bound them together in "an indissoluble union of indestructible States."

There is scarcely an evil of our times but is silently and sternly rebuked by the life of the patriot hero whose fame we celebrate. The monopolists that batten upon the substance of the people; the soulless operators who speculate in the necessities

of life ; the selfish schemers who plan legislation for the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of the farmer and the laborer, and the mechanic and the retail merchant—all have their scathing rebuke in words that came hot from Washington's indignant soul during the War of Independence :

"Bring those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, fore-stallers, and engrossers, to condign punishment. Hunt them down as pests to society. I would to God that some of the most atrocious in each State were hung on gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as that prepared for Haman."

The narrow and unpatriotic sectionalism that still insults our intelligence and mocks at our constitutional principles, how is it rebuked by the counsels and by the example of this imperial man, who, though he sprang from the bosom of that Virginian aristocracy of which Henry Cabot Lodge says, "We must go back to Athens to find another instance of a society so small in numbers and yet capable of such an outburst of ability and force," yet refused to be narrowed in his sympathies or in his work, and rose first among Americans to the height of a broad and comprehensive nationalism that knew no north or south or east or west. Among his last counsels to his countrymen was this, "The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."

That party spirit which betrays the true interests of the people, which is the foe of liberty and the strongest instrument of the demagogue, and which is to-day the special curse of our municipal politics, so that it has come to pass that the best governed city in our land is that one where there is no suffrage and no party patronage for the spoilsman to fight over—Washington felt its peril, foresaw its development, and in his farewell address warned his countrymen "in the most solemn manner against its baneful effects." He granted that parties were "useful checks upon the administration of the government," but he urged the "constant danger of excess" therein. "A fire not to be quenched ; it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame lest, instead of warming, it should consume."

3. Such are some of the impressive lessons which the study of Washington's character cannot but enforce. There is another, which the patriot, no less than the churchman, must feel to be even more impressive and of even greater import. It is that which is suggested by the fact that this purest of patriots, this most illustrious of men, of whom Lord Brougham said, "The veneration in which his name is held will be a test of the progress the human race has made," was a devout follower of Jesus Christ, and threw all the weight of his example and all the authority of his counsel into the scale in favor of the Christian religion. He was no Puritan, he was no ascetic; he held with St. Paul that "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving." But he was a sincere Christian; Christianity, indeed, was the foundation of his character. It was the informing spirit of his life.

See him, when a young man, on the frontier himself conducting public prayer in camp. See him reading the burial service by the light of a torch over Braddock's dead body. Hear him ascribing his marvellous escapes in that fatal battle to the "all-powerful dispensation of Providence." Read the simple entry in his private diary in 1774, when, on the eve of the Revolution, the House of Burgesses appointed a day of fasting and prayer,—“Went to church and fasted all day.” Mark his order on taking command of the army in 1775, requiring of “all officers and soldiers punctual attendance at divine worship to implore the blessing of heaven.” See how sternly he forbade, on pain of the lash, gambling, drunkenness, and profane swearing. Note how, in his private correspondence to intimate friends throughout the war, he uniformly ascribed his success to the blessing of God. Thus, after the battle of Monmouth, he wrote to General Nelson, “The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this that he must be more than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations.” And in 1781 he wrote to General Armstrong, “The many remarkable interpositions of the Divine government in our deepest distress and darkness have been too luminous to suffer me to doubt the issue of the present contest.”

To another correspondent he wrote when peace was proclaimed, "To the great Ruler of events, and not to any services of mine, I ascribe the termination of our contest for liberty. I never considered the fortunate issue of any measure adopted by me in the progress of the Revolution in any other light than as the ordering of Divine Providence." And when he resigned his commission he said, "In this last act of my official life, I consider it my indispensable duty to commend the interests of our dear country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping." It seems almost an impertinence to add that these private and public utterances of Washington, expressive of his faith throughout his whole career, represented a genuine and heartfelt conviction of the truth and of the supreme importance of the Christian religion. His life corresponded with his faith. He was an active vestryman. He was an habitual communicant. He loved this dear church of ours, in whose bosom he was reared, by whose catechism he was trained, at whose font he was baptized. Its noble liturgy—so devout, so God-breathed in its spirit of adoration, so dignified, yet so pathetic; so fervent, yet so free from fanaticism—was dear to his heart. It appealed to him and satisfied him. It had been a potent influence in the formation of his character. The breadth and tolerance of the church, the simplicity of its doctrines, so rational, yet so scriptural, so liberal, yet so evangelical, were in harmony with the simplicity of his nature and the catholicity of his sympathies.

Accordingly he clung to the church with filial devotion. Not all the fox-hunting parsons, with their lax living and their Tory principles could obliterate the memory and the power of her blessed influence. Nor could the bitter popular prejudice which obtained after the Revolutionary War against the Church, shake him from his love or his allegiance.

Better than all this, he was a sincere Christian. He read the Bible daily. He was a man of prayer. We are told that his prayers, often audible, were overheard by members of his family; and that Porterfield, his aide, going once without warning into his quarters, found him on his knees. His charities were large and

liberal and flowed in a constant stream throughout his life. His unaffected humility crowded the edifice of his Christian character with the grace of all others, perhaps most difficult of attainment for the man who walks on the giddy height of fame. When envy and faction aimed their missiles at his head, he bore himself with admirable meekness, because, as applause could not elate neither could abuse depress him. He wrote to Henry Lee, "I have a consolation within that no earthly efforts can deprive me of, and that is that neither ambition nor interested motives have influenced my conduct. The arrows of malevolence therefore, however, barbed and well pointed, never can reach the most vulnerable part of me."

Yes, Washington was a sincere Christian, and no estimate of his character can be adequate or accurate which does not take full account of that fact. To attempt to understand this man without reckoning with that, would be to study the Copernican system without considering the sun. Make the catalogue of his virtues and his services as long as you will, it is fatally incomplete unless you include the potent influence of his devout Christian faith. He read the characters and weighed the worth of men with almost unerring accuracy. He could plan a campaign or conduct a difficult diplomatic correspondence with equally consummate skill. For eight long stormy years he not only disciplined and led, but actually created his armies. He not only fought the battles of the Revolution, but sustained the spirit and roused the activity and directed the policy of the colonial governments, so that it may be truly said the pen of Washington did as much as his sword to achieve independence. And when victory crowned his arms, he piloted the young Republic through its first years of peril and uncertainty, and not only gave the inspiration to the creation of the Constitution, but in the executive office governed so wisely and with so much firmness and foresight that it was certainly due in largest measure to him that the Constitution became effective and the union compact. In a word, this patriot hero was for a quarter of a century almost a Providence to his country.

All this he was. But even this falls short of telling what he

did for his country. One of his most important services remains to be mentioned. It is that at a time when infidelity, imported largely from France, was widely influential, and had the patronage of not a few men of ability and position, Washington, consistently, firmly, and with outspoken earnestness, threw the whole weight of his counsel and his example into the scale against it. Without cant and without ostentation, but with inflexible resolution, this man, whom the people idolized (even when the politicians intrigued against him), stood firm for morality and for religion. His character and his counsel were as an immovable rock against which the influence of Paine and Voltaire spent its force in vain.

And therefore, my comrades, among the lessons which the study of the career of this greatest American ought to write deeply on our minds this ought to stand in the forefront (I will express it in his own words),—"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." He refused "the tribute of patriotism" to the man "who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness." Let us do the same.

He warned his countrymen to be cautious in entertaining the supposition "that morality can be maintained without religion." Let us give heed to his warning. He urged that "reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national prosperity can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." Let us not forget the instructive fact. So shall the services of this day bear permanent fruit. So shall we be true Sons of the Revolution, and true soldiers in that noble army of patriots that owns Washington for their chief.

A SERMON*

BY

REV. G. WOOLSEY HODGE, M.A.,

CHAPLAIN OF THE SOCIETY.

"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."—Ps. cxii. 6.

THE Society of Sons of the Revolution makes a new departure to-day. Heretofore it has made it part of its pious work to erect monuments to great events connected with the Revolutionary War. It has placed stones and tablets in various places where notable events transpired or heroic deeds were done in the great effort for the achievement of American Independence. And it has been wise in this, that it may rescue from oblivion spots which have been consecrated by patriotic blood, and therefore should be regarded as holy ground by all generations of Americans, and that it may keep alive the memory of those events, that they who enjoy the blessings and benefits which their sires' sufferings and blood purchased may appreciate the cost at which they were obtained, and so duly value, guard, and preserve them, and be themselves thereby incited to like deeds of fortitude and heroism in all just causes.

But the Society takes a further step to-day with the same pious purpose. It erects here, for the first time, a monument to an in-

* Preached in St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, January 3, 1896: The anniversary of the battle of Princeton and the occasion of the unveiling of a mural tablet erected by the Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution, in memory of Captain William Shippin, who was killed in that battle.

dividual patriot. And by doing so, we believe it will accomplish its purpose more effectively still. Events are, after all, impersonal. It is men who make history. It has been the bravery, the endurance, the wisdom, the goodness of individuals, that have achieved victories, produced great results, planned and carried out vast schemes. If the men and women of the generations which have gone had not been what they were, possessed and displayed the moral qualities they did, the history of the world would have been very different from what it has been. We need to realize our personal indebtedness to individuals, and we need to be impressed with the personal obligation of every man to do his duty in the sphere in which he has been placed, to be faithful to his obligations, whatever they may be; above all, to be true and steadfast and brave in great exigencies or trying circumstances in which he may be placed.

Who shall say how much has depended in the past upon the truth and fidelity, or earnestness and zeal, of individual men in making and determining the history of communities and nations? Men talk of, and volumes have been written upon, the turning points of history. And what has caused those events which have had such momentous consequences, but the deeds, good or evil, of single men? We see how, humanly speaking, the entire success of battles or of long campaigns has been due to the skill or valor of a single general. It is evident that one man alone, like a Washington or a Napoleon, has produced results which would never else have been attained and altered the whole history of the world. And may it not be, must it not be, that there have been multitudes of other men who have likewise been the instruments of accomplishing great events by their fidelity or heroism, with whose deeds, or names even, we are not familiar? And if there are any whom we do know to have been true and faithful in any trust or conflict, especially if they have laid down their lives in doing so, ought not their memories be kept green and their deeds extolled for the admiration and emulation of succeeding generations? These are they who are righteous. Any man who will be faithful to his obligations, who will stand by and sacrifice himself for what is true and good and generous, he is a

righteous man. And "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." It is only the good deeds that men do that deserve to be remembered. Their evil deeds, their faults and failures, with all their dire, dreadful consequences, should be hidden and forgotten as soon as possible. It is only the good that men do that really lives after them. In the great books of account which we are told the Supreme Judge of all the earth keeps, there is a special book in which only the good deeds which men do are recorded, and no faintest, feeblest, good deed fails of record. And so if any man has done a good deed he deserves to be remembered for that deed. The literal reading of my text is that "to everlasting remembrance he shall be a righteous man,"—*i.e.*, that he shall always be remembered for this fact, that he was a righteous man.

Now, I know that there are many men who enter armies, not from any high or noble motive, who are simply carried away by a merely wild, unthinking passion and excitement, or who do so from some lower motive, to gratify ambition, attain fame, or even for the sake of pecuniary reward. But such motives seldom suffice to sustain one in moments of great danger or of long-continued privation and suffering. And even if such motives were in part incentives to action, yet, if a man be faithful to the duty he has assumed, if he is brave and true, and lays down, or is willing even to lay down, his life rather than be false or fail, that is a righteous man, he deserves to be honored. And none can tell of what great results his fidelity or truth may be the cause. One man being faithful to his duty may be, and often has been, the means of determining the result of great battles or events and affecting the history of peoples. It is wise and right, therefore, that we should honor and keep alive the memory of all righteous men, of all whom we know to have done good and noble deeds.

It is for this purpose that our Society, which has been formed especially to keep alive all great memories connected with our American Revolution, has placed on these walls this tablet which we are assembled to dedicate to-day. It is erected to the memory of a young patriot, a citizen of this Commonwealth, who, in one of the darkest hours of the Revolutionary War, volunteered his

services in answer to the almost despairing cry of the American Commander-in-chief, who saw his army melting away from him, through the folly of short enlistments, at a moment when he was needing increased resources to meet the victorious march of the enemy, threatening the capital of the country. Long Island and New York had been occupied, Fort Washington captured, Fort Lee abandoned, the whole of the Jerseys overrun, nothing but the Delaware River, and the few disheartened, half-fed, half-clothed soldiers of Washington, whose time of service was almost expired, lay between the British and the possession of Philadelphia, the national capital. It was at this moment that, in answer to the urgent appeal of Washington, recruits were sent from this city to re-enforce his army as it lay opposite Trenton guarding the passage of the Delaware. Among those recruits was Captain William Shippin, a young man only twenty-six years of age, but married, with a family dependent on him, so that he had more at stake than simply his own life, who volunteered his services. He had already, at personal cost to himself, been engaged in the service of his country, and had apparently lost two boats which he had owned. In March, 1776, he received from Congress a captain's commission to cruise as a privateer off the coast of Virginia. In May he was captain of the privateer Hancock, a boat propelled by rowers for service on the Delaware. And in December of the same year, he was in charge of a boat of the Pennsylvania navy on the upper Delaware, engaged in defending the passage of that river. It was from this he landed with his company of marines and joined the forces of Washington in his memorable crossing of the Delaware on Christmas night for the attack on Trenton, and in the subsequent battle of Princeton he was killed. He was buried first in the Friends' cemetery in that place, and twelve days after his body, together with that of General Mercer, who was killed in the same action, was brought to Philadelphia, the hearses which bore them crossing the river on the ice. He was interred in St. Peter's church-yard, attended by the Council of Safety, Members of the Assembly, a company of Virginia Light Horse, and a large number of citizens. And here his body has since slept in an unmarked grave until to-day, one hundred

and nineteen years afterwards, we have assembled to place this monument to his memory which shall preserve his name and deeds in enduring form for future generations. Surely no inapt illustration of the fact that the righteous shall be had in remembrance.

Naturally, we have chosen the anniversary of the battle of Princeton, in which this officer was killed, as the day for the unveiling of this monument. That battle was, as you know, one of the most important in the Revolutionary War. In conceiving and carrying it out, Washington displayed, perhaps, more than at any other time in his career, his talents as a military chieftain. A long series of reverses had preceded it. The Americans, owing to their diminishing numbers and resources, had been for weeks retreating before the far superior and better equipped forces of the British. All the principal points to the northward had been captured, the whole of New Jersey lost. The victorious royal army was in full march to take possession of the national capital. Congress had fled to Baltimore. Washington himself, fearing that he could not keep together even the remnant of his ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-paid troops, which were leaving him daily because their time of service was expired, was contemplating the necessity of a retreat to what he termed the back parts of Pennsylvania. The British general was offering free pardon to all who would make their submission and lay down their arms. General disheartenment and belief in the failure of the American cause were prevalent on every side. At this moment the indomitable spirit of Washington, which no misfortunes could crush and no combination of difficulties dismay, conceived and carried out the plan of a sudden offensive move upon the enemy, which his strategic genius and unrivalled mastery of resources under difficulties made not only possible, but carried to a successful issue. On that Christmas night, when he rightly deemed the Hessians, who were guarding the passage of the Delaware, would be sunk in drunken slumbers, never dreaming that any one would attempt to move an army across that river through the floating ice and blinding snow and sleet, he passed the river and, coming on them by surprise, won the battle of Trenton, taking nine hundred prisoners and a thousand stand of

arms. And though, through the failure of his other divisions to accomplish the same feat and come to his support, he was forced to recross the river, yet, with troops inspirited with his success and with reinforcements which had come from Philadelphia, he again ventured back to New Jersey. And this time, finding himself shut in between the river on the one side, and an overwhelming force of the enemy on the other, which confidently expected to annihilate his entire army with the morning's sun, he conceived the still more brilliant move, of leaving his camp-fires alight, with a few men throwing up embankments within one hundred and fifty yards of the British line, and drawing off his whole force silently in the night, by a circuitous road gaining the flank and rear of the enemy, and thus, in the decisive battle of Princeton, putting them to rout and forcing the British general to retreat with all speed to New Brunswick to save the military stores which he had collected at that place. It was this movement and victory which saved Philadelphia, revived the hopes of the patriots, gave renewed confidence in the Commander-in-chief, and made possible the continuance of the war which eventuated in the establishment of American Independence. And Washington would not have been able to have executed this movement, and these results would not have followed, had it not been for the reinforcements which came to him from Philadelphia, including our first City Troop, whose ensign, Anthony Morris, perished in this same engagement, the company of marines under Captain Shippin, and others. May we not believe, therefore, that the sacrifice of this young life, with that of others, contributed in no small degree towards securing the final issue of the Revolutionary War? And ought not that memory to be kept alive? Should not gratitude for all the priceless benefits which we as a nation and as individuals enjoy, which were secured to us by the toil and sufferings and sacrifice of our fathers, lead us to cherish and immortalize each name and each deed of heroism connected with that great struggle? And can we do a wiser or better thing for our children and the generations which are yet to come, than to erect monuments to those who performed these deeds, and to observe their anniversaries? The church erects buildings to the

memory of saints and keeps days in their honor that she may teach her children what is the highest standard of true manhood, and illustrate it by personal examples, and so inspire men to emulate them. And if we would inculcate patriotism and make men brave and heroic, we must use the same methods. We are living in a luxurious and self-indulgent age, and men need to learn all the lessons they can from those who have passed through the stern school of adversity and trial. And if we would preserve our institutions and save our youth from the enervating influences which surround them, it can only be done by pointing them to the example of the brave and true of other times, and trying to fire them with the same spirit.

It is for these purposes that our Society has erected this monument. And I think it has done wisely in placing it, not in the church-yard, even if the grave of Captain Shippin could have been identified, but here, within the walls of this sacred edifice, which a wise conservatism has preserved so nearly as it was in Revolutionary times. Monuments in the open air not only crumble and become defaced in time, but they are seldom noticed, only the casual and pensive visitor thinks of them and of the lessons which they teach. But a tablet on the walls of a church which is constantly thronged with worshippers is always in observation. And I am confident that the youth of coming generations, as they rest at ease in these ample pews, will learn deeper lessons and gain greater inspiration as their eye catches the name and they read the story of the heroic death of this young Revolutionary officer inscribed here, than they will from the words, however eloquent they may be, which fall upon their ears from this lofty pulpit.

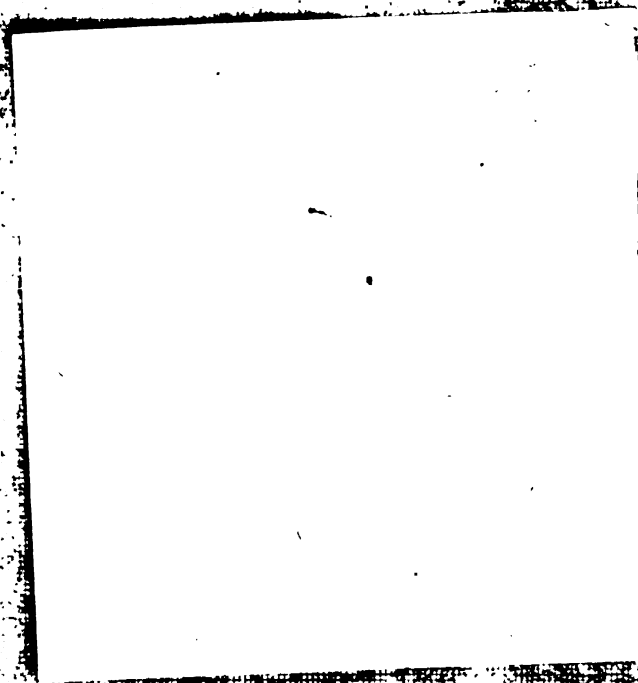
And I cannot but congratulate the authorities of this church, which, for a church of such antiquity, has been, until lately, singularly destitute of such interior monuments, upon the addition of this ornament to their venerable sanctuary. How much more like a church, and how much better adapted to teach great lessons, is such a building so adorned, than a modern edifice of the latest style, spick and span from the hands of the fresco painter and the upholsterer.

So then, to-day, on the anniversary of that brilliant action, which was so largely instrumental in determining the final outcome of the Revolution, and which we consider it a pious duty to commemorate, we set here in this sacred edifice, itself a standing memorial of the early history of our commonwealth, this tablet in memory of our young fellow-townsmen, who so gallantly laid down his life these many years ago in the cause of American freedom. We feel that we owe to his services this tardy recognition of their worth. And we feel that we ourselves and those who come after us need just such a reminder and witness as this of noble and brave deeds. We need to be taught that there is something worthier to live for, and worthier to die for, than those things which commonly absorb all our interests and affections. It was not for mere sentimentality, or for the gratification and parade of ancestral pride, that this Society of Sons of the Revolution was formed. It was for a most pious and practical purpose,—the purpose of cherishing and keeping alive true patriotic sentiment, of inspiring men with high and chivalric feelings in regard to duty and to fatherland. It was to teach men—and we believe that the erection of this and similar tablets will be a powerful means of doing so—that it is only good and noble deeds that deserve to be remembered; that all those things for which men spend their labor and resources, the getting of gain, the seeking of pleasure, personal gratification, advancement or emolument, are things which will all perish with the using. They pass, are lost, forgotten. They leave no lasting results, produce no solid benefit. It is only the good men do lives after them, only brave and noble deeds that are worthy of record, only the doers of such deeds that men delight to honor.

May this tablet ever preach these truths as with a living voice, and thus help in preserving to this State a race of men who will be as true and brave and self-sacrificing in the hour of need as he was in whose memory it has been erected, and whom we have gathered here to-day to honor.

May it thus teach and may men thus learn,—

“Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.”



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